

CRADLE ROLL NUMBER

THE MISSIONARY HELPER

ONLY A BABY

Something to live for came to the place,
Something to die for, may be ;
Something to give even sorrow a grace—
And yet it was only a baby !

Cooing and laughter and gurgles and cries,
Dimples for tenderest kisses ;
Chaos of hopes and of raptures and sighs,
Chaos of fears and of blisses.

Last year, like all years, the rose and the thorn,
This year a wilderness, may be ;
But heaven stooped under the roof on the morn
That it brought there only a baby.

—*Harriett Prescott Spofford*

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EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS

MISS L. C. COOMBS, India MRS. R. D. LORD MRS. EMELINE BURLINGAME CHENEY
MRS. LAURA E. HARTLEY MRS. M. A. W. BACHELDER IDA LORD REMICK
MRS. LOU M. P. DURGIN PROF. H. T. MACDONALD PROF. A. W. ANTHONY, D. D.

PUBLICATION COMMITTEE

MRS. ETHEL H. ROBERTS MISS CLARA M. LAW MRS. LUCIA H. LIBBY
MISS MAY MALVERN MISS EDYTH R. PORTER
MRS. H. H. HAYES MISS LENA S. FENNER

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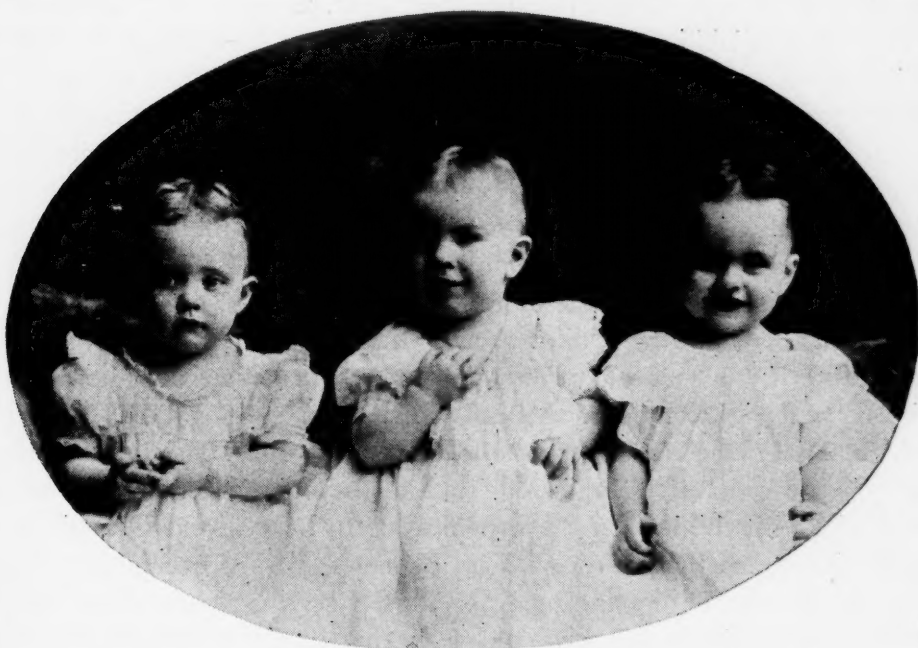
FREE BAPTIST WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY

MOTTO: *Faith and Works Win.*

VOL. XXXVIII

MAY, 1915

No. 5



All Ready For the Cradle Roll Rally

"If there is anything that will endure
The eye of God, because it still is pure,
It is the spirit of a little child,
Fresh from His hand, and therefore undefiled.
Nearer the gate of Paradise than we,
Our children breathe its airs, its angels see."



FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

This month we celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of our observance of the Thank Offering service. Every member of the Woman's Missionary Society should know by heart the story of its beginning and growth. At last Annual Meeting, Mrs. Clara A. Ricker, who has been a member of the Thank Offering committee from the first, gave a very interesting history of this important and blessed part of our work. We are glad to present it, in brief, in these pages, as well as to direct attention to its availability in leaflet form. We hope that the story will be told, and the significant hymn sung, in every service that is held. . . . Much space is given in our May *HELPER* to the Little Light Bearers, in preparation for the June Rally. Because the pennies in the mite boxes have chiefly been used for the support of "Brownies" in India, we have been especially interested in these little folks and the conditions surrounding them. A friend of our missionaries, Mrs. Ada Lee, of the Lee Memorial Mission, Calcutta, wrote, "The babies of India are a problem. Everything seems to be against them. In Bengal one out of every four dies before it is a year old. The percentage of women who die between thirteen and eighteen is enormous. Such figures do not lie, but make child marriage the murderer of thousands of young girls and children yearly." It is a relief and joy to turn to the contrasting picture of the happy, healthy children in the orphanages of Bengal and Orissa, as we catch glimpses of them through Miss Fenner's, Miss Gowen's, Miss Coe's and Miss Barnes' letters and reports. This, surely, is a part of our thanksgiving, that we have the privilege of sharing in the saving, keeping and developing of these "bewitching little youngsters," as Miss Daniels called them, in her charming letter, last month. Today, for one cause or another, *all* children claim our interest, our loving and prompt assistance and our prayers, as never before. In many cases the reasons are obvious. The Church Peace Union and the Federated Woman's Missionary Societies warn us, in this country, of a grave danger to America's twenty million children in the constant hearing of war-talk, bitter expressions of partisanship; the constant seeing of pictures, in papers and magazines, of battle fields, sinking war ships and starving women and children. If their sensibilities are not blunted, their feelings embittered, it will be because of the wise, patient, persistent efforts of parents, teachers, and superintendents of the various organizations for children,

in skilfully guiding their energies into channels of immediate helpfulness, and substituting stories of heroes of peace for those of war. There is nothing "namby pamby" about such heroes of peace as John G. Paton, David Livingstone, John E. Clough and other missionary warriors. The boy or girl who is brought up on these is not likely to be a coward under any circumstances. . . . Sometimes there is power in numbers. Woman's Foreign and Home Missionary Societies, the Y. W. C. A., and the Mothers and Parent-Teachers Associations have united to pray that Christian ideals of peace may prevail. They represent 4,000,000 women and have an investment of more than \$100,000,000 in constructive peace-making around the world. Their annual gifts amount to \$7,000,000. A Pageant of Peace has been prepared to be given on the day preceding or following Memorial Day, in cities and villages. It is hoped that all women will unite in making its presentation possible. The 700,000 Christian ministers in this country are asked to preach a peace sermon on Memorial Sunday. July 4th has been appointed as a Day of Prayer, when missionaries will meet with hosts of Christian women of Asia, Africa and the Islands of the sea, while the women of America of every creed, race affiliation or class are urged to pray that war may cease and a new age of peace begin. No place is too remote to be included in this world movement, no life so limited that it cannot be fired with this great enthusiasm. . . . We must keep in mind our own Annual Meeting, August 2, for which our officers have splendid plans; also the Missionary Conference, to which Prof. Anthony refers, elsewhere. . . . Not "rice and old shoes", but heart-loads of good wishes follow our dear Elizabeth Moody, who was married, April 7, at her home in Hillsdale, Mich., to Rev. E. E. Evans, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Cambridge, Ill. It makes us feel "teary 'round the lashes" to part with our beloved Western Field Agent, but we cannot lose "Elizabeth" or the results of her work. . . . A delightful letter is in hand from Dr. Mary Bacher, Michigan's dear adopted daughter. Have you read the story, in "Missionary Reminiscences", of how she was instrumental, as a little child, in opening to missionaries, the first Mohammedan zenana in Bengal? . . . Mrs. Ina Gates Stout has done fine work among the auxiliaries in Minnesota. They have largely increased appropriations and are doing splendid work. . . . Our Thank Offering exercise is being used by workers in other denominations, with some adaptation. We are glad to have it widely useful. . . . We welcome the new auxiliary at Waterbury Centre, Vt., and the new HELPER subscribers in same state.

THE SANTIPORE MELA

By LENA SWEET FENNER.

"For a good, varied and rich noise," says an Indian writer, "commend me to a village 'hat' (market)!" This statement was fully verified and demonstrated at the recent annual "Mela" at Santipore. The tom-tom of the Santal band, the interludes of the Balasore boys' orchestra, the music (?) of the merry-go-round, the various whistles and harmonicas in the hands of children, and the high-pitched voices of venders and bargainners, all talking at once, left nothing to be desired in the way of noise. Dr. Mary's strong-toned harmonium or lap-organ, played in the midst, could scarcely be heard six feet away. But the noise was merely an incident of the Mela.

This was the fifth Mela held. The Hindus have many jatras or festivals. This is our Christian festival, observed to satisfy the natural predilection of our people for such gatherings. Our Indian folk like to speak of it as "Jesus Christ's Festival." In print, it bears the name of the man who started it in 1904, "Sachidananda," meaning "the ever-living Truth," indicative of the prime object of this festival—to scatter the knowledge of the truth and to win men to accept it.

To this end, the Hindus from all the villages round about are invited to come. And on the "big day," no less than 3,000 were present, while 1,200 people attended each evening performance.

The time in the month is chosen on the increase of the moon, that it may be safe and easy for the people returning through the jungle from the evening services. The presence, too, of the queen of the night, adds a charm all its own. The place is our Christian compound, flanked on all sides, save the open roadway, by our schools, church and mission bungalow.

The Mela is managed by the Indian people themselves with Gangadhar Rath and a committee of helpers at the head. The preachers, evangelists, and col-porteurs from all over our mission are asked to help, and many were there this year, as, also, a special Indian evangelist from Calcutta.

The Balasore pastor, Natabar Singh, began meetings the middle of the preceding week, speaking every evening and three times on Sunday, for the purpose of inspiring the local church to grasp its unusual opportunity in the Mela.

Bamboo booths were erected for the venders of sweets, jewelry, brasses, food and cloth. Triumphal arches, with the word "Welcome," spanned the avenue. The inside of the church was lavishly decorated with many colored paper, festooning and rosettes, while, interspersed around the four walls were the best of our mounted Sunday School roll pictures.

Outside, and adjoining the church, a platform and canopy were erected for preaching. Here, every morning and evening, services were held. Each evening, a stereopticon talk was given, followed on two evenings by dramas given by the boys of the Balasore High School,—the one on temperance, the other Biblical, from the life of David. One man said he wished he was wealthy enough to send this troop of boys from one end of India to the other, so effectual for good did he consider these presentations.

The afternoon of one day was given to the children of the Hindu schools under mission control. They came marching in, bearing banners and pennants, several hundred strong, with their sixteen Hindu teachers. Their bright faces formed a galaxy of jewels one longed to claim for the Master's crown. After being taught a new Christian hymn by the Calcutta evangelist, they listened to an object talk by Mrs. Burkholder, "Watch. Be Ready. The King Cometh!" Sweets were given to all.

The last afternoon was devoted to sports: climbing, running, archery, obstacle races, etc.

Testimonies to the value of the Mela brought out these points:—it holds our Christian people to the home base; it furnishes unity of action and interest; it draws Christians from other centers, there is courage in numbers; it attracts the Hindu people, breaks down barriers, and demonstrates to them that Christians can be happy; it provides for the absorption of much Scripture through picture, drama, song and preaching; in short, as pastor Natabar put it, "It is a witness for God."

Last year, no missionary, save Miss Butts of the station, was present. This year, seventeen of the twenty-three missionaries of our field were present, also, three American babies and two visitors. Happily, mission bungalows have the quality of being expansive.

Monday, Feb. 22, the day of arriving and preparation, was also a

triple missionary birthday. The evening dinner thus became a birthday party to Dr. Mary and Mr. Collett, while greetings were sent to Dr. Hamlen in America. Patriotic colors, flags and souvenirs were reminders of the significance of the day in American history.

The Mela week was also a triple occasion. Not only was this festival celebrated the first days of the week, but Thursday was devoted to the Semi-Annual meeting of the India Committee, and, on the last days of the week occurred the Quarterly Meeting of the churches of the Balasore district. At the latter, the reports of the home mission work undertaken by the churches were most interesting. The story told by Seba, our self-supporting preacher, would move and inspire our most complacent church at home.

The India Committee had before it a number of very important questions: a definite provident policy; coöperation with the "Christian Church Union of Orissa,"—an Indian home mission organization; the future of the Santipore property; the enlargement of industrial work at Balasore, and vernacular work at Kharagpur with the attendant increase of workers and buildings.

Altogether, it proved a very busy and absorbing week, a fine initiation for our new missionaries into affairs, grave and gay.

The manner of arriving and departure at all hours of the day and night, by all sorts of conveyances, is almost a story in itself; and the bear and leopard hunt that followed—for at least one of the party—is quite another.—*Balasore, India, March 8, 1915.*

SANTAL CHILDREN AND THEIR HOMES

By L. C. GRIFFIN.

This boy has brought milk to the missionaries, carrying it on the bamboo stick on his shoulder. He lives in the Santal village nearby.

The queer house that he lives in has three rooms: one for the family, one a rice granary and storeroom, and one the stable where the oxen and cows are kept. From a distance it looks like a long straw stack because its straw thatched roof comes far down and over the stiff-dried mud walls to keep them from being washed down by heavy rains. In each room there is a tiny window without glass,

barred with pieces of bamboo. The floor is the ground made hard and smooth. The rude wooden or bamboo door to each room opens on the veranda which runs across the front of the house. Around one end of the veranda is a low wall making a cook room. The food is cooked in earthenware kettles, on the narrow arches of dried mud. In the living room are rough wooden cot beds, the bottoms of which



The Milk Boy

are woven with grass string or hand made cotton tape. The Santals sit on small pieces of boards on rude, low stools and on mats of woven grass or split palm leaf.

In its season, the low vine overruns the roof of this house, and its large squash-like vegetable makes many a fine curry stew. There are bamboos, bananas, and a tree whose leaves make greens, growing in the yard, also onions, egg plant, greens and yams, the yam vine overrunning the thorny hedge.

The plump baby in this house has a dark brown body and coal black hair and eyes. The mother greases and rubs well his little naked body and lays him on a mat in the yard to sleep or kick and

cry. When larger, he is often carried astride the hip of mother or sister. The mother sometimes carries him that way, tied on, while she walks miles with a load of wood upon her head which she must hold and steady with both hands. Babies drink milk from a shell spoon or gourd cup, and little ones eat rice, sitting on a mat on the floor. The plate is part of a plantain leaf, or small leaves put together with wooden pins. With his right hand the child rolls the rice and salt, or greens or peppery stew, in little balls and deftly puts them into his mouth.

The bow and arrow is a boy's first toy, and as he gets older he can shoot big lizards or snakes or even deer for food.

Little boys and girls wear a small cloth around the loins and are usually bare headed and bare footed. They wear jewelry and also charms that they think will keep away sickness and evil spirits.

Little girls have small split palm leaf brooms, without handles, with which they sweep the floors. They soon boil the rice, gathering dry leaves and twigs for fuel.

One sometimes sees a child playing with a tiny mouse that has a string tied to its legs and is making frantic efforts to get away. Its teeth have been broken out with a stone so that it may amuse and not hurt the child. Kindness to animals has not been taught to these children.

Boys and girls herd cattle and goats in the edges of the jungles. One hears them playing on their homemade bamboo flutes. The music is weird and sweet.

Until the missionaries came, Santals were never taught to read, and even now great numbers of them have never heard of God or of Jesus Christ who loves them and who will forgive their sins.

Keuka Park, N. Y.

LETTER FROM OUR CRADLE ROLL SECRETARY

The beautiful spring time is with us again, bringing new life to the earth and hope to all our hearts. They were wise who chose this, the most beautiful time of all the year, to be especially devoted to our Cradle Roll work, and the Cradle Roll number of the *HELPER* gives inspiration for renewed effort. Never was the need greater on our mission field. Never did the cries of the needy ones of earth ring so loudly in our ears.

Our study book, "The Child in the Midst," has impressed upon our minds and hearts the thought of the *multitude* of women and little children who have never yet heard of Christ and His love for humanity. We are well-nigh overwhelmed with the responsibility resting upon the Christian women in our churches today—not one can escape her share. I wish all our women would read "The Child in the Midst" carefully and prayerfully. No one could do this and not have a broader outlook, a deeper insight and a greater love for the women and children in those lands where Christ is not yet known. One longs to send help to each of these countries, but if that seems impossible, we can, at least, help in our own little corner.

As no life can be pure and holy, and all life not be purer and holier thereby, so our corner of India cleansed and made fit for the King, will help to hasten that day when "every knee shall bow" and every heart shall acknowledge Him Lord of lords and King of kings. In no way can we bring about this result so quickly as by educating the children of India. The character of the mothers and fathers of the next generation in India, as well as America, will be largely determined by what we do, or fail to do, for these little ones. Oh, that this thought could be burned into the heart of every Christian woman in America!

Our missionaries tell us that the children of India are as lovable, as attractive, as easy to teach as our own children; why should they not have the same advantages? One who has been following our mission work for a few years, and sees from time to time lists of boys and girls who have "made good," must feel that time and money, and even the precious lives of our missionaries, have been well spent.

To turn our faces homeward: What your denomination, your Church, shall be tomorrow depends on how you are training your children today. Are you teaching them that they are to be followers of Christ, who went about doing good, and that he is greatest whose life is spent in service for others? Or are they *drifting*, with no higher aim than to have a "*good time*?" Is this the way to form strong characters?

Let us take the little ones in the impressionable age and mould them in His image. Phillips Brooks said, "He who helps a child, helps humanity with a distinctness which no other help given to human creatures can possibly give." In the name of the little child of Bethlehem, let each of us consider honestly and prayerfully what is our duty in this matter. Let us follow where He leads.

Dear Superintendents, are you planning for your rallies now? Many

things have appeared in the HELPER in these last months that will help in your program. Do, please, try to get every child in your parish; send your reports to me before June 30, and all money to Miss Porter. Let's do all we can to make this year's reports complete, and better than ever before.

Your Cradle Roll Secretary,
LAURA E. HARTLEY.

THE STORY OF OUR THANK OFFERING

By MRS. CLARA A. RICKER.

In October, 1890, the Annual Meeting of our Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society was held in Dr. Rivington D. Lord's church, Brooklyn, N. Y., in connection with the denominational anniversaries.

Each report was most interesting. From that of the Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Lowell, we learned of the many doors of opportunity wide open and inviting our attention as never before. Our missionaries in India and our teachers at Storer College, West Virginia, were each asking for larger appropriations with which to meet these opportunities and enter the open doors. Some of our Western churches were also looking to us for aid; but the present resources of our Society were not equal to the extra demands.

As no plan of action seemed in sight, our President, Mrs. Mary A. Davis, called a special meeting of the Board of Managers, for the early morning hours, in the parlors of Mrs. Lord (now president of the Helper Branch of the International Sunshine Society) to carefully consider the needs and try to find some way to increase our funds.

The women met promptly. After stating the object of the meeting, Mrs. Davis suggested that we have a season of prayer, asking that the way should be clearly revealed to us. All knelt, and each of those twenty-one women plead for the guidance so sorely needed in our work. As we arose, Mrs. Wade requested that Mrs. Dexter should sing the then new hymn, "The Lord Will Provide," and as her beautiful voice sweetly sang those words

"It may not be *my* way,
It may not be *thy* way;
And yet in His *own* way
The Lord will provide."

the sentiment of the song seemed to rest upon us like a benediction.

Just why the remembrance of a Thank Offering service of the W. C. T. U., recently attended in her home city, Providence, R. I., should so persistently recur to Mrs. Ricker, until she suggested it as a possible plan, and Mrs. Porter, who was also present at that service, should so heartily approve, and the other women so enthusiastically endorse the idea, seems to me most beautifully answered in Isaiah 65:24, "And it shall come to pass, that before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear."

Mrs. Andrews, Mrs. Ricker and Mrs. Porter were appointed a committee to have charge of the matter, and it was finally agreed to call for a Thank Offering service on June 10, 1891. Many letters were written to friends, churches and pastors in its behalf; and explanatory articles, a letter of appeal to the women of the auxiliaries, a "Call" and Suggestive Program, were prepared for numbers of the *MISSIONARY HELPER* from February to May.

At Annual Meeting, the following autumn, our treasurer, Miss DeMeritte, reported \$400 as the financial result of the first Thank Offering, and so many letters were received commending the service as one of spiritual uplift and profit that it was voted to observe it each year. The same committee was re-elected and named "The Finance Committee." After three years, because of many other duties, Mrs. Andrews resigned; but much of the success of this observance is due to her clear foresight, business methods, and the firm foundation, laid by her, of prayer, service and sacrifice. Mrs. Porter was an active worker in this committee until called to lay aside the cares of this life. Mrs. Ricker has served continuously the entire twenty-five years. Others have been members: Mrs. Swan, Mrs. Cheney, Mrs. Dexter, Mrs. Whitcomb, Mrs. Jordan and Mrs. Stillman, each serving faithfully and well.

Early learning that no one date could accommodate all, it was decided to designate May as Thank Offering month, in which each could select the time most convenient; but always the "Call" appears in the March *HELPER* and a suggestive program in April, and printed invitations and offering envelopes are furnished free.

In the first ten years the amount that came in this happy way was \$7,200. There has been a steady increase, until now the money received from this source alone is nearly \$30,000, which has enabled

us to extend largely the scope of our work. Surely faith and works do win!

But far beyond the worth of these recorded results is the value of the unwritten history, the deepening of the spiritual life of the individual and of the society through gifts and prayer and service.

Our next Thank Offering, May, 1915, will be our twenty-fifth. Shall we not make it a "Silver Anniversary," a worthy memorial, expressing our heartfelt thanks to our Heavenly Father for all the way in which He hath led us, by a larger offering than ever before, even if it be at some sacrifice?

THE CONTINUING OPPORTUNITY

By HENRY T. McDONALD, President of Storer College.

The present adversities are bringing men and women to a quickening sense of their dependence upon God. With Europe a shambles and all the rest of the world keenly feeling the impoverishment of war, we begin to check and balance anew the things which make for lasting peace and righteousness. Those things are of the Spirit. Storer College is a child of war. But it was born of the Spirit. The sacrifice of the loved and lost on the battle field and in prison pen was hallowed by the giving for such liberating institutions as this one is. Deep reaching convictions of eternal right; a definite determination to more completely establish freedom of soul, and especially a faith in the unity of the whole human family prompted the maintenance and direction of this school.

Those same ideals now prevail here. Not as completely as might have been desired have those first ideals of self direction for the freedman been realized. Men and women are beginning to settle themselves to a fuller realization of the fact that the problem of developing the colored portion of our population into valuable citizenship is likely to be a problem of generations. Such schools as this one merely touch the border of the question. More and better leaders must be developed. They must be developed with a knowledge that the lines of the laboring world are being drawn tighter and tighter; they must be developed with a cruelly keen sense of the fact that their political powers are being curtailed; they must be developed with a sureness of feeling that they must become more and more sufficient

unto themselves. Where and how shall that development be accomplished? One of the rather distressing features of the development of the colored man is the fact that he is losing his outspoken belief and dependence on God. He is becoming unsettled in his religious convictions. The dimensions of his life have not uniformly developed. He has lengthened his mental powers, he has broadened his physical activities, but he has not deepened his spiritual understanding. I do not want to say that the increase of non-religious state institutions has brought this to pass, but they have contributed to that end. The one outstanding asset of the colored man at the dawn of his freedom, was his abiding religious conviction. To withstand the wave of irreligion passing over the colored youth of the land, schools where the Bible is read and revered, and where it is no disgrace to be an active Christian, must stand strongly forth. Almost without exception the real leaders of the race have been trained in such institutions. If these institutions are true to the beliefs of their founders, the future leaders will likewise be trained there.

All of this is said by way of emphasizing the importance—the vital importance—of keeping the faith of the fathers in Storer, and of keeping live and growing the school.

The past year was in some ways the best year of our life. The funds added to the permanent assets of the school were increased one-third and gifts of books and other needed things were added in a gratifying manner. But the fact that the school and its burdens can not be so continuously and easily brought to the mind of its friends presents a problem to us of serious import.

We need the thoughtful interest and support of our friends as much as ever. The day is not near when the school will be self sustaining. Do we not need to have a home objective for our missionary faith and works? What more important thing is there than to care for those who by right of residence and labors may be numbered among the first of Americans? Ours is primarily a national problem. We must care for our own. We must sympathetically stimulate and direct them; we must in some way aid them in holding to a belief that Heaven and one are a majority in the final analysis of things.

No nation works out its destiny in isolation. Much less possible is it for a part of a nation so to do. The destiny of the colored people

is being very much affected by the attitude of white people, whether they are conscious of such attitude or not. The friends of the colored people realize that the "attitude" exists.

I wish in all fairness to observe that the interest of the South in this problem is growing more generous and intelligent with the years. The heart of the best people of the South is in the right place. The trouble is that they are not in the majority. But a real Christianity can not wax enthusiastic over missions to the lesser developed peoples of foreign shores and pharisaically pass by the colored brother at the elbow. And there is a strengthening interest in missions on this side of the Mason and Dixon line.

Shall not the whole MISSIONARY HELPER household of faith, and those whom they may direct to useful things, unite in making for Storer a larger and better life in Our Father?

Harper's Ferry, West Va.

QUIZ

How can we observe our 25th Thank Offering service with gladness?

What does the Thank Offering mean to the women of our missionary society?

Who felt as if her whole life ought to be a thank offering, and why?

Who went to the Widows' Home and was made glad?

What did a Zenana woman say about the teaching of her Hindu scriptures?

What beautiful contrast did she give?

Who can tell the story of Rutnie Sing?

What is the appeal of a "tiny treasury?"

Who is proud of her noble mother, and how does she help?

Where are our offerings measured by Love?

How many "notes of thanksgiving" can you report from our India field?

Who is Shantaballa Rai?

What has brought nearly \$30,000 to the treasury of the W. M. S.?

What notable things have some of our home workers been doing?

What is the "Sustaining Fund?"

Which auxiliary gave the largest amount in February?

To whom are our very hearty thanks due, and why?

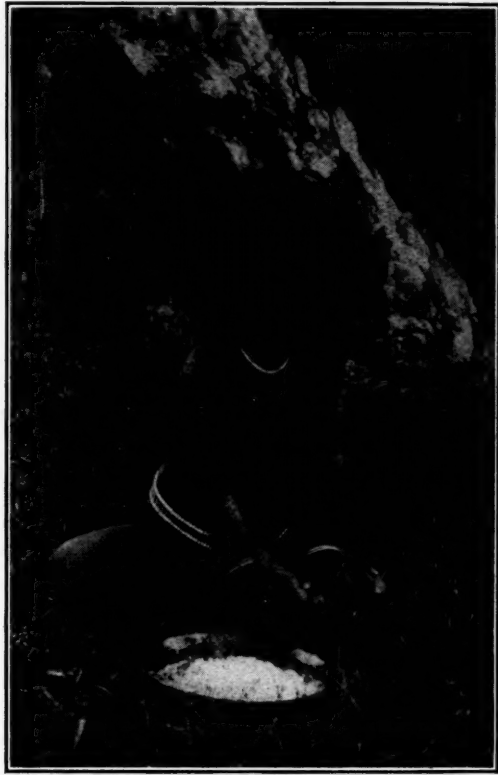
What especially impressed Miss Fenner and others, on a cold season tour?

For what does the Christ-life stand?

(Answers may be found in the April HELPER.)

Untamed

Through the continuing kindness of Mrs. Ada Lee we present these significant pictures. When this wee girl came to the mission she had never seen a white face. She screamed if one of the workers went near her. Nothing appealed to her but food, and it was by means of a plate of rice they were able to secure her picture. Her mother was a Hindu widow who came seeking deliverance from cruel customs, which embittered her life. The little girl is now a bright, happy pupil in school, with the prospect of growing into a useful Christian woman.



Raw Material

This group of children is very like what you will see in any village of India. From such children come the larger part of our pupils (writes Mrs. Lee). This is "raw material." For "finished product" see our "Group of Girls Who Have Made Good," in the June, 1914, HELPER.

dishes, and everything; loaded up two bullock carts and started for this place. Miss Coe and I came on our bicycles for three miles to the river. The water is very low, at this time of the year, leaving a long stretch of loose sand to cross before one gets to water. We pushed our bicycles and ourselves through that until we got to the real wet part of the river. We expected to be carried across by men, as is the custom, but at that point the water was too deep for wading and a ferry boat was there to transport wayfarers. The boat could not get close up, so we had to be carried a few steps by men who made a chair with their hands joined. We all came across—two white folks, several brown ones, two bicycles, a bed, etc.

Then we hunted up the Dak bungalow where we were to stay; found everything satisfactory, and went on to the market where the Bible women were already among the people. Miss Fenner was, meanwhile, making the journey in the bullock cart, and Mrs. Grimes was walking. When she rode, she sat in the driver's seat on the tongue of the bullock cart, almost on the bullock's back, having discovered that that was the best seat in the whole concern. She tried driving the beasts, and used the worst language she dared to them, but the driver said, "O, Memsahib, they'll just think you're smoothing them down!"

At the river all the possessions had to be put on board the ferry; then the cart was strapped to the boat up above water line; the bullocks were led alongside where they could swim, and all passed merrily over. The crossing of the river, packing, repacking and all took just one hour and a half. While they were doing that Miss Coe and I visited the market. Once or twice a week market is held there. It was just a cleared place beside the river, with a few booths of bamboo poles and thatching set up. There was not a house in sight. (Houses never are in sight here. You see a group of trees, off across the fields, and that tells you that a village exists beneath them.) People came from every direction, some loaded down with vegetables, fish, trinkets, jewelry, baskets, knives,—everything saleable; others just coming to see the sights and to buy. There must have been several hundred people. The traffickers arranged themselves in lines and displayed their wares.

At one side our Bible women began to sing, and a crowd gathered. Then one after another spoke to the people. One held up a picture,

I think it was of the Prodigal Son, and told the story. Sometimes, in such places, many books are sold. This, however, was not a very buying crowd. Probably few could read. We wandered around to see the sights, and then came home.

Did I hear you ask what a "Dak Bungalow" is? Well, in this country there are no hotels outside of a half dozen or so of the biggest cities. So, throughout India, the English Government maintains, at distances of ten miles, these nice little pucca bungalows for the accommodation of the visiting magistrates. Missionaries are free to go to them when no greater person wants them. A rupee a day is the rent collected. The man who has charge of the place finds a sweeper, brings milk, etc. It is a very pleasant little place; two pleasant rooms, furnished with bedsteads, tables, chairs, etc.—two bathrooms, and a veranda all the way round. Near by is another pucca house with rooms for bullocks, cooking, etc. The word Dak means "a call." In the country, if you ask a person how far it is to some place he may answer, "Half a call." Ten miles is more than a call for me. The mail carrier is called a *dakwalla*. Mail used to be carried by runners. They ran to certain posts where the runners changed. Those posts were *daks*.

The Jellasore bungalow was such an interesting place. It used to be a regular station, and Miss Lavina Crawford lived there for twenty or more years and died there. I wish you could find the story of her life and read it. She was here during the awful famine and gathered about her nearly three hundred girls, in an Orphanage, at Jellasore. After her death it was moved to Balasore. She was such a wonderful woman. Two of the four Bible women with us were her girls, in those famine days. She seemed to be able to put into her girls a faith deep and transforming.

It rained Sunday and yesterday, so we didn't get out as much as we expected. We went to one village and visited a few homes Sunday afternoon. Yesterday we were out forenoon and afternoon, each time visiting three homes. What would you tell people if in answer to your question, "Have you ever heard of Jesus?" they looked perfectly blank? What one can tell, in one hour at the most, to an audience of people of that sort is very little. Some are too dull to understand and some forget. Many of them can't read, and their minds comprehend so little. *But it comes, someway.*

Just now we are in the midst of getting all our worldly possessions across the river. The ferry has brought us over and we and one load of goods are dumped here on the sand. The last load with cart and all is nearing this shore. The bullocks have just swam across and soon we shall be ready to start for Jellasore. Some of us hope to reach Balasore by night.

I have had a delightful week at language. I can understand quite a bit now. It is awfully interesting work. This is rather an exciting place to write in. I guess it is time I stopped.

AMY PORTER.

IN MEMORIAM

"More homelike seems the vast unknown

Since they have entered there;
To follow them were not so hard
Wherever they may fare."

"All are better off than if they had not lived; and this betterness is for always, it does not die with them—that is the true estimate of a great life."—*Adapted.*

Mrs. Victoria Hopkins, Barrington, Nova Scotia, January 26, 1915.

Mrs. Lillian Phelps Ingham, Minneapolis, Minn., March 3, 1915.

Mrs. Julia Collins, Danville, N. H., March 11, 1915.

Mrs. Maria N. Pike, South Limington, Maine, March 25, 1915.

Miss Clara F. Trumbull, Providence, Rhode Island, March 27, 1915.

Mrs. Nancy E. Burrill, Dedham, Maine, March 28, 1915.

Mrs. Elmira L. Tarbox, Ocean Park, Maine, April 8, 1915.

DENOMINATIONAL NOTES

The next session of the Northern Baptist Convention will be held in Los Angeles, California, May 19-26, 1915. Every Free Baptist church in the country is entitled to send at least one delegate, one delegate because it is a church, and an additional delegate for every one hundred members. The meetings will be full of inspiration, and business of great importance will be considered.

The Conference Board of the General Conference of Free Baptists will hold its Annual Session at Ocean Park, Maine, July 14 and 15, 1915. Matters of importance will come before this meeting.

Ocean Park is to be the recipient of a Memorial Building, full announcement of which will soon be made. This building will provide classrooms, lecture rooms, and the necessary appointments for missionary conferences and a model Sunday School.

Ocean Park has been selected as the New England meeting-place for the Missionary Education Movement, in the same class with Silver Bay and other great conferences which have been in the middle and western states.

At the time of penning these notes, the exact results of the last fiscal year have not been fully computed; but this much at least is known, that the contributions from churches and from individuals have been larger than in any previous year. This is noteworthy and particularly gratifying in view of the fact that during the year the debt of almost \$300,000 was also entirely raised. If there is any shrinkage in the receipts of the year, or any deficit carried forward, it will be due to a diminution in legacies and lapsed annuities. We may all rejoice that the Baptist hearts and Baptist resources have responded thus generously in a year of peculiar financial stringency and business stress, when, too, so much suffering at home and abroad has urgently appealed for, and has generously received, aid.

ALFRED WILLIAMS ANTHONY,
*Corresponding Secretary of the
General Conference of Free Baptists.*

Lewiston, Maine.

TREASURER'S NOTES

The goals toward which some of our auxiliaries are reaching, in this year's service, are splendidly high, showing a genuine "*we-can-if-we-will*" spirit,—the spirit which *wins*.

Maine and *New Hampshire* have many far-reaching auxiliaries. Even the infant society of the Houlton Church is stepping out at once into *advance* lines of effort. Eight new members at its first regular meeting are reported, and it purposes to send out one hundred invitations to its *first Thank Offering* meeting. We extend cordial greeting to this auxiliary and bid it God speed.

Vermont auxiliaries, churches, and individuals show their interest in Miss Porter and her work, by this month's gifts.

Lowell, *Mass.*, Chelmsford St. Auxiliary, sends for support of its

native teacher, and one of our Massachusetts members writes that she "is praying for a miracle," which we interpret as meaning, enlarged and advance effort.

Rhode Island not only has the help and inspiration of the close touch with our Bengal Field by means of Miss Fenner's letters, but has shared them generously with other auxiliaries and friends. So many grateful words come to us of these "pen pictures," to which, as a Minnesota friend says, Miss Fenner "gives color and life."

New York state is represented by individual and quarterly meeting gifts.

Occasional glimpses behind the scenes of service show us the motive power back of splendid results, which have already been noted and rejoiced in. As an illustration we would like to slip in here *verbatim* a recent letter sent out by our *Michigan* State President, Mrs. Stone, to her workers throughout the state. Every W. M. S. worker would be interested, especially in the *Roll of Honor* scheme which is by way of giving *zest* to the year's work.

Let us listen a moment to the conversation between a Western mother and her children, as consideration is being given to the annual payment of support of child in Sinclair Orphanage. The two boys of the home circle say, "Let us pay five dollars now instead of two dollars." To this eager request the little sister of five adds, "Mamma I got lots of money in my pony bank—I can pay fou' dollies." The mother wisely decides to let the shares in this home-circle gift remain in the same proportion they have been, in order that the children may also join in the Sunday School mission work,—one into which the S. S. is just entering. This illustration of *joy-giving* is in splendid contrast to the duty-giving with which we sometimes come in contact.

Two of *Iowa's* individual gifts are for Miss Porter's salary, while the Domestic Science Building Fund at Storer is increased by one from the estate of Rev. N. Bixby, and friends, who have been life-long Free Baptists, "though isolated from any church of that faith for the last twenty-five years," send gift for our Bengal work, and express appreciation of and love for our HELPER, which has been a visitor to their home since its infancy.

Isn't it a surprise, and a joy, dear friends, to have your Thank Offering service program *all in readiness* for your use, and so interestingly and attractively in readiness? No hunting about for material, no time

taken, when found, for its putting together, or any of the various and-so-forths that go to make up an attractive and acceptable program. Only a moment of your time will be required for a please-send-me order to Mrs. A. D. Chapman, 12 Prescott St., Lewiston, Maine, with its enclosure at the rate of ten cents per dozen copies.

We have passed the enthusiasm ball which we are rolling toward *Annual Meeting* on to you. Are you rolling it on to others? And this question leads us to quote, in closing, from Mrs. Stone's letter previously mentioned, for it might well have been written of our coming together at annual meeting: "This coming together for fellowship and consultation is *absolutely necessary* to the best interests of our work, for there is nothing more essential to the success of *any* enterprise than the *fitness* of the *worker* to, and *for*, *his work*. We have before us a task that calls, first of all, for *love*, and *loyalty*, to Him who gave it to us." Can you afford to pass by any help which better fits you for your work? Annual meeting may be one of your helps. Will you let it be such?

EDYTH R. PORTER.

47 Andover St., Peabody, Mass.

RECEIVED.—"The King's Highway." A Study of Present Conditions on the Foreign Field. By Helen Barrett Montgomery. Published by the Central Committee of the United Study of Foreign Missions. Fully illustrated. Price: cloth, 50 cents; paper, 30 cents. Postage, 7 cents for a single copy. Order of Mrs. A. D. Chapman, 12 Prescott St., Lewiston, Maine. This book is the outcome of Mrs. Montgomery's recent journey through missionary centers of the Far East, and is the text book for our study the coming year, when we shall have the happy privilege of sharing the varied experiences of Mrs. Montgomery's pilgrimage. . . . *The Bulletin* of the Federation of Woman's Boards of Foreign Missions of the United States. Published Quarterly by the Central Committee. Price, 25 cents per year. . . . Pamphlet and leaflets from The Church Peace Union (70 Fifth Ave., New York) including an address by William Jennings Bryan on "The forces that make for Peace". . . . Two books by Rev. Robert L. Selle, author of "Winning Men to Christ": "Food for the Soul", cloth, 224 pages. Postpaid, \$1.00; "Which Church Would Jesus Join?" Cloth, 148 pages, 50 cents. Baptist Mission Rooms, 410 Hollenbush Building, Little Rock, Ark. . . . Children's Blue Bird Magazine. Published monthly by the Little Citizens' Corporation, 507 Fifth Ave., New York.

Helps for Monthly Meetings

"Working, praying, giving, come to their fullness only through intelligence. Read and study until you become a world citizen though you live in a hamlet."

Topics for 1914-15

September—	President's Reception and Guest Meeting.
October—	The Child in Its Helplessness.
November—	The Child at Home.
December—	Work for Children in Our Bengal-Orissa Missions.
January—	The Child at Play and at Work.
February—	Prayer and Praise.
March—	Storer College.
April—	The Child at School.
May—	Thank Offering, Twenty-fifth Anniversary.
June—	The Child at Worship. The Child at Work for Christ.
July—	Missionary Field Day.

JUNE—THE CHILD AT WORSHIP AND AT WORK.

"We are facing tremendous problems and great contests which our children have got to settle. Can we not educate these men and women of tomorrow in the world-brotherhood that goes back through all the centuries and finds its beginning in the heart of the boy of twelve?"—*L. W. Peabody.*

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAM.

SINGING.

BIBLE READING—"Room for the Saplings," Matt. xxi. 1-16. (See Quiet Hour page in this number.)

PRAYER—For mothers and children everywhere; for our own Little Light Bearers and Juniors; for our Cradle Roll Secretary, Mrs. Hartley; and all who are caring for the little ones in our churches.

A CHILDREN'S LITANY—Leader and members. (See page 216 of "The Child in the Midst.")

BLACKBOARD EXERCISE—"The World's Tragedies." (See page 237 of our text book.) Print beneath those statistics: "Does Christ need the children of these lands to be at work for Him?"

NOTE—The closing chapters of the "Child in the Midst" are so important; the facts and figures so startling; the contrasting pictures so pathetic and so beautiful; the appeal to the mother-heart so great, that we can scarcely give too much time, thought and prayer to preparation for this meeting. We find one of the best suggestions for presenting these two chapters, in "How to Use," page 25. A convention is

called to discuss the relation of the religion of the different countries to the child. The President states the purpose of the meeting, then introduces delegates from Burma, India, Moslem lands, Africa, China, Japan, Korea, Egypt and America. Each tells the story of how the child is taught to worship in her own country, as told in the text-book.

Review of the Child at Work for Christ, followed by the general questions on page 257 of text-book.

Illustrative Notes from our own field. (The HELPER for 1915 is full of splendid helps along this line.) See Mr. Hamlen's article in January, "Children reached by some form of religious teaching in our field, over 5,000." "If the truth could be learned, I think we should find that half our Christian people, and perhaps more of our best helpers in India, are the fruit of our work for children," etc. Stories of "Girls who have made good," running through our Treasurer's Notes; the story of Rutnie Sing; Miss Gowen's letter, page 114; Miss Daniels' description of a young Bible woman; Mrs. Griffin's article, and various references, in this number.

READ TOGETHER—Prayer for all children. (Text book, page 256.)

SUBSCRIPTION AGENT'S NOTES

I am pleased with the way the constituency of the HELPER has received the Sustaining Fund idea. I am pleased, too, with the contributions that have come in. I should be more pleased if more would follow.

At the date of this writing, April 8, twenty-two dollars have come in since the first of January. The expense of running the HELPER varies according to the number of pages, and the size of the edition, but even the young lady who assured me, the other day, that one-twelfth was twice as much as one-sixth because twice six were twelve, could see that a good deal more money would be required to make the Sustaining Fund worthy of its name!

For the sake of Storer College and for the sake of the missionary work in India, still maintained by the Women's Missionary Society, I feel the HELPER has a work that it must be sustained to do.

In the name of all the HELPER sustains, I thank those who have contributed to the Sustaining Fund. I also bespeak larger response to the call for this fund.

Cordially yours,

A. M. MOSHER.

107 Howland St., Boston, Mass.

Practical Christian Living

✱ ✱ ✱

OUR QUIET HOUR

(10 A. M.)

ROOM FOR THE SAPLINGS.

"Children crying in the temple, saying Hosanna!"—Matthew xxi. 1-16.

Children's voices mingling in the sounds of holy praise! A little child can share in the consecrated life. Young hearts can offer love pure as a limpid spring. Their sympathy is as responsive as the most sensitive harp, and yields to the touch of the tenderest joy and grief. No wonder the Lord "called little children unto Him!" They were unto Him as gracious streams, and as flowers of the field.

Let the loving Saviour have our children. Let there be no waiting for maturer years. Maturity may bring the impaired faculty and the embittered emotion. Let Him have things in their beginnings, the seeds and the saplings. Let Him have life before it is formed, before it is "set" in foolish moulds. Let us consecrate the cradle, and the good Lord will grow and nourish His saints.—*Rev. J. H. Jowett, D. D.*

And this is life—to take some little child
And mould it with the love that never
tires,

To fashion it with tenderness and grace,
And keep each footstep from the
thorns and briars,

To lead it to that fairer, sweeter clime,
Where love shines brighter than the
star-beams glow,

And tiny precious beings find their way
To arms that ached with loneliness
below.

And this is love—To know the thrill and
throb

Of sweetness that makes glad the
childish face,

To feel wee baby lips upon the cheek,
The crushing to the breast in close
embrace,

And when a gleaming streak of shim-
mering gold

Tells every bird and flower that day
is done,

To understand in full the blessedness
Of giving joy to some dear little one.

'Tis life and love to find the trembling
chords

Vibrate in sweetest rhythm to you and
me,

And when at eventide we drift away,
Methinks our fondest memories then
will be

Of little children we have cherished
here,

Who are the tender Shepherd's con-
stant care,

The choicest blossoms heavenly love be-
stows

Just loaned to us to make our gardens
fair.

—*Belle McKinney Swope, in The Pres-
byterian.*

Juniors



HELPS FOR THE CRADLE ROLL RALLY.

WEIGHING THE BABY.

A penny a pound for the baby—
The baby not six years old,
Though we know that every baby
Is worth its weight in gold.

Our babies here can help them,
Though not yet six years old,
For love will make their pennies
Worth all their weight in gold.

A penny a pound for the baby;
In the lands so far away
Are many starving babies
Who cry to us today.

A penny a pound for the baby,
So dainty and fresh and sweet,
From the crown of her head she's precious
To the toes of her little feet.

Their mothers don't tell them of Jesus,
They hear not the sweet story of old,
While we count the soul of our baby
More precious than silver or gold.

Then come and weigh the baby,
And soon may the story be told.
In the love of our Saviour *all* babies
Are worth their weight in gold.

—Selected.

SONG—ALL THE WORLD FOR JESUS.

Tune, "Onward Christian Soldiers."

All the world for Jesus,
This is what we pray;
Happy little children
Singing on our way.
Though we can not see Him
Yet we surely know
He will hear our praises
Since He loves us so.

All the world for Jesus!
This is what we sing;
We, His little soldiers,
He, our glorious King.
Where He leads, we follow,
Where He bids, we go;
He will never leave us
Since He loves us so.

All the world for Jesus!
If they only knew
How He died to save them
They would love Him, too.
We will tell the story
When we older grow,
He will surely help us
Since He loves us so.

Chorus

All the world for Jesus!
Pass the word along;
Unto Him who loved us
Is the children's song.

JESUS LOVES ALL THE BABIES.

(Recitation for a little girl who wheels her doll, in its small carriage, to the center of the platform, where she takes it in her arms and speaks to it.)

Come here my precious baby,
I've a story to tell to you;
But it will almost make you cry,
For mother says 'tis true.

Their little faces are all brown,
While yours is rosy pink,
But baby, their mothers love them
As I do you, I think.

Away off in other lands
When the sun is burning hot,
There are little babies sweet as you,
(Oh no, oh no, they're not!)
(Kisses doll.)

But only the boys are welcome there
And when the girlies come
They treat them mean and send them off
They don't want them in their home.

Oh, I'm so glad, my baby dear,
That Jesus did not say
"Let the little *boys* come unto me,
But send the *girls* away."
—Mrs. E. B. Redd.

SAD.

SHE forgot to come to the meeting
Of her own dear mission band,
But remembered to go down street
For candy, I understand.
She forgot to put the pennies—
For she told me so herself—
Pennies for heathen children
In the mite-box on the shelf.
She forgot to ask God's blessing
On the missionaries, too;
If you had so poor a mem'ry,
O pray, what *would* you do?
—Selected.

ONE TO CARRY.

(Recitation for a boy)

I've learned to put together
The figures on my slate;
The teacher calls it "adding,"
And I like it first rate.
There's one queer thing about it,
Whenever you get ten,

You have to "carry one," she says,
And then begin again.
That's what we do with pennies;
When I have ten, you see,
I "carry one" to Jesus,
Who's done so much for me.
—Missionary Day Spring.

THE CHILDREN'S GIFTS.

Like the drops of water falling
Gently from the sky above,
Are the little gifts of children,
Given with a child-heart's love.
Drops enough will make a shower
Drops enough will make a rill,

And the sparkling drops of water
Many an empty cup may fill.
So the gifts of little children,
Gathered up and then out-poured,
In the name of Christ, the Saviour,
Help and comfort may afford.
—Selected.

DO YOU KNOW.

Do you know how many stars
There are shining in the sky?
Do you know how many clouds
Every day go floating by
God the Lord their number knoweth,
For each one His care He showeth,
Of the bright and boundless host,
Of the bright and boundless host.

Do you know how many birdies
In the sunshine sing all day?
Do you know how many fishes
In the sparkling waters play?
God the Lord, who dwells in heaven,
Name and life to each has given,
In His love they live and move,
In His love they live and move.

Do you know how many children
Go to little beds at night?
And without a care or sorrow
Wake again with morning light?
God in heaven each name can tell,
Knows us, too, and loves us well.
He's our best and dearest friend,
He's our best and dearest friend.
—Selected.

DOTTIE AND THE PRINCESS.

"Dottie, will you go to the store for me?"

"Yes, mamma, just as soon as I finish this story. It is all about a princess who had a great deal of money and a kind heart, and went around doing good and helping every one she saw in trouble."

"Dottie," said mamma again presently, "you didn't bring me those chips, and it is almost time to start dinner."

"I will, mamma, by and by; but how I should love to be a princess like this one, and be able to help make every one around me happy!"

Mamma finished peeling her pan of potatoes and brought the basket of chips herself, while Dottie scarcely looked up from her book.

"Oh, Dottie, p'ease tie 'is tring on my wagon; the old one 'bwoakened." This was Baby Bertie.

Dottie threw down her book impatiently. "You are a little nuisance!" she exclaimed, as she grabbed the string from her brother's hand so hastily that she broke it. "I wish you'd go 'way and let me alone. I never can have a good time all by myself."

Mamma was coming out of the pantry with a jar of preserved pears just in time to hear her little daughter's last words. But there was only a little wonder in her voice as she inquired: "Did the princess in your book try to have a good time all by herself?"

"No—no, mamma, I guess not," said Dottie very slowly.

"Well," continued mamma, "if you really want to be like her, you can't begin a minute too soon."—*Our Little Ones.*

CRADLE ROLL SUPPLIES

Enrollment Card, Record Book, Suggestions for Little
Light Bearers' Day, Mite Box, Post Card Invitation,
Explanatory Leaflet, all for

\$.12

	EACH	DOZ.
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Sinclair Orphanage (3 for .05)20
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The Light Bearers' Alphabet01	
Telling the Children02	
Mother Goose and Her Family as Mission Workers10	
"Little Fishers" (Exercise), by Mrs. Elizabeth Guptill...	.03	
Light Bearers' Rally Day, by Mrs. Guptill03	
Sunbonnet Babies, by Mrs. Guptill01	

Life Stories of Brown Babies of Sinclair Orphanage,

Balasore01	.10
Story of Jemma, by Miss Barnes01	.10
A Day with a Girl in India, by Miss L. C. Coombs01	.10
Explanatory Leaflet upon application to the C. R. Sec., Mrs. Laura E. Hartley, Rochester, N. H.		

ROLL OF HONOR
Maine.

Bangor, in memory of Emma Hyde, Rev. and Mrs. A. B. Hyde	One share
Bangor, Primary Department	One share
Belvedere Auxiliary	One share
Bridgewater Sunday School	Four shares
Dover and Foxcroft Juniors	One share
Eustis Sunday School	One share
Lewiston, Main St. Sunday School	Two shares
Lewiston, Pine St. Junior C. E.	One share
Lisbon Free Baptist Sunday School	One share
Ocean Park, Mrs. Nellie Wade Whitcomb	One share
Saco, Cutts Ave. Junior Department	Two shares
South Portland Juniors	One share
Steep Falls A. L. B.	One share
West Bowdoin Auxiliary	One share
West Falmouth Helping Hands	One share

New Hampshire.

Dover, Juniors and Intermediates	One share
Franklin F. B. Primary Department	One share
Hampton Pearl Seekers	Two shares
Lakeport Junior C. E.	One share
New Hampton Sunday School	One share
Somersworth Auxiliary	One share

Vermont.

Enosburg L. B.	One share
West Corinth, Dorothy M. Pease	One share
West Corinth, Ellen F. Pease	One share

Massachusetts.

Haverhill, Deacon Page's Girls	One share
Lowell, Chelmsford St. Auxiliary	One share
Lowell, Paige St. Junior C. E.	Two shares
Lowell, Paige St. Primary Department	One share
Melrose Highlands Girls' Missionary Sewing Class	One share
Somerville, Randall Memorial Free Baptist Sunday School...	Five shares
Somerville, Randall Memorial Free Baptist Juniors	Two shares

Rhode Island.

Eden Park Junior C. E.	One share
Greenville Do All Around L. B.	Two shares
Olneyville Junior and Primary S. S.	One share

New York.

Brooklyn Free Baptist S. S.	One share
Niobe Sunday School	Two shares

Michigan.

Cambria Mission Band	Five shares
Hillsdale Auxiliary	One share
Jackson S. S. Primary Department	One share
Kingston Sunday School	One share
Mason Mission Band	One share
Paw Paw, L. Jennings Barton	Two shares
West Oshtemo Auxiliary	One share

Minnesota.

Maddria Free Baptist Sunday School	One share
Winnebago Primary Department	Two shares

West Virginia.

Harper's Ferry, Storer College Y. P. S. C. E.	One share
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Pennsylvania.

Gaines, Germania Sunday School	One share
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Iowa.

Central City Primary Department	One share
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Montana.

Triby, Harriet, Florence, Olive and Frederic Batson	One share
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Contributions

F. B. WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY

Receipts for March, 1915

MAINE		
Biddeford, Jefferson St C E for Storer College	\$ 3 00	
Casco, Union Circle for Miss Coombs' salary	5 00	
Do for Midnapore	5 00	
Hollis Ch, F M	11 00	
Lewiston, Main St Aux, dues \$5; gift for C F 20.00	25 00	
(L M Miss Emma Kincaid		
Pittsfield Aux, income Wingate Fund	12 50	
Portland, Aux, for Miss Coombs' salary	11 04	
Do for Storer College	3 71	
Miss Sawyer's Class for Maherty	6 25	
West Lebanon Aux, M A Dearborn Fund F M	7 77	
NEW HAMPSHIRE		
Ashland Aux, toward sup Girls' School, India	4 00	
Center Sandwich Aux, Dom Sci Bldg, Sto Dover H H & F M Soc'y for Nat Teacher	2 00	
Franklin, Free Baptist W M S, bal appor	12 50	
Hampton, Aux for Miss Butts' sal'y	6 35	
Pearl Seekers for Miss Barnes' sal'y	5 00	
Aux for Storer College	8 00	
Aux for Gen'l work	10 00	
Lakeport, Jr C E, share Miss Barnes' sal'y	7 00	
New London, Miss Mary E Richardson, F M \$3; Storer College \$2	4 00	
New Hampton, W M S for Miss Butts' sal'y	5 00	
Sunday Sch for Miss Barnes' sal'y	4 00	
Rochester Aux, dues	10 00	
South Berwick Aux	6 00	
VERMONT		
Enosburg Falls on W M S appor	12 50	
Lyndon Centre Aux for Miss Porter's sal'y	15 00	
South Strafford Ch for Miss Porter's salary	9 00	
Mrs J L Barrett for Storer College	3 00	
Sutton Ch for Miss Porter's sal'y	10 65	
West Charleston Ch, Miss Porter's sal'y	10 00	
West Corinth, Church for Miss Porter's sal'y	4 00	
Dorothy M. Pease, one share in Miss Barnes' salary	4 00	
Ellen F Pease, 1 sh Miss Barnes' sal	4 00	
Rev & Mrs L W Pease for Miss A Porter's sal'y	10 00	
Mrs. L W Blake	1 00	
MASSACHUSETTS		
Lowell, Chelmsford St Aux for native teacher	6 25	
RHODE ISLAND		
Auburn, People's Bapt Ch S S for C R	6 11	
Greenville, Aux, Kind Work	5 00	
Ind work	5 00	
Y P S C E, Zen work	6 25	
Providence, Roger Wms Aux, Kind Wk	11 00	
Do Ind work	15 00	
Trinity Baptist Mission, Miss Emma A Potter's S S Class, Prædama, S O	5 00	
Taunton Aux, Kind work	4 00	
NEW YORK		
Brooklyn, Miss Eva F Buker for C F	20 00	
Gibson Q M for Nat Teacher	3 06	
Leonta, Mrs A M Powers for B W helper at Balasore	2 00	
MICHIGAN		
Bankers Aux, Dr B 60c; Sto 40c; Miss D \$3.55	4 55	
Batavia Aux, Dr B \$2.40; Sto 1.60	4 00	
Battle Creek, Miss H P Stone Quart Rem \$25; T O \$10	35 00	
Belmont Aux	3 00	
Calhoun & North Branch Q M Coll, C F	86	
Fairfield Aux for Miss Daniels' sal'y	1 00	
Gobleville Aux, Dr B \$3; Sto 2.00	5 00	
Green Oak Aux, Dr B \$3; Storer 2.00	5 00	
Mrs H R Clark, Dr B 6 c; Stor 4cc	1 00	
Hillsdale Aux, Dr B \$7; Sto \$4; Miss D \$25 00	36 00	
Litchfield Aux, Dr B \$1; Sto \$1; H M \$1 (On L M Mrs Ella Bender)	3 00	
Manchester Aux for Miss Daniels' sal'y	5 00	
Mason, Jr Band Willing Workers 'or S O	20 00	
North Reading Aux, Dr B \$9; Sto 6.00	15 00	
Onsted Aux, Dr B 4.15; Sto 2.70	6 75	
Osseo Aux for Miss Daniels' salary	17 35	
Oshemo Aux, Dr B 1.0; Sto 1.20	3 00	
Paw Paw, L Jennings Barton, Dr B 1.00; Miss Barnes 4.00	5 00	
Pittsford Aux, Dr B 2.40; Sto 1.60; Miss D 7.00	11 00	
West Cambria, D B 1.80; Sto 1.20	3 00	
WISCONSIN		
Diamond Bluff, Mrs Esther Morgan, sons Glen and Claire for Orphan Mary	25 00	
MINNESOTA		
Minneapolis, Mary E Butler, M D, Sto 3.00; F M 12.00	15 00	
Mr Henry Ingham for work Bengal field	25 00	
Winnebago, Free Bapt Prim Dept (completes 2 shares) for Miss Barnes' sal Aux, Mrs L P Durgin on appor	2 50	
Do for F M	5 00	
	8 47	
IOWA		
Edgewood, Est Rev W Bixby for Dom Sci Bldg Sto	10 00	
Miss Mabel M True for Miss Porter's sal'y	25 00	
Oxford, Miss Mary Chatterton for Miss Porter's sal'y	5 00	
Van Wert, Mr and Mrs B F Benner for F M	10 00	
MISCELLANEOUS		
Income for Balasore Work	11 50	
For Hanson School	12 50	
For S O	68 50	
For Kind Work	1 28	
For Widows' Home	45 00	
For Storer College	17 23	
Gen'l Funds	82 71	
Porter Memorial	25 00	
Total Receipts for March 1915	\$930 14	
EDYTH R. PORTER, Treasurer		
47 Andover St., Peabody, Mass.		
Per May Malvern, Assistant Treasurer		

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